

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

A Family Newspaper--Devoted to Politics, Foreign and Domestic News, Literature, the Arts and Sciences, Education, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements, &c.

VOLUME XXIII.

WOODSFIELD, MONROE COUNTY, OHIO, JULY 10, 1866.

NUMBER 19

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

Published Every Tuesday.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
Two dollars per annum, invariably in advance.

JOB PRINTING
Executed with neatness and dispatch at this office, and at reasonable prices.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:
One square, three weeks.....\$2 00
One square, six months.....5 00
One square, nine months.....6 00
One square, twelve months.....7 00
One-half of an inch, one year.....30 00
One-third of an inch, one year.....20 00
One column, one year.....70 00
Twelve lines, or less, will be charged as one square.
All legal advertisements will be charged by the line.
Notices of the appointment of Ad-
ministrators and Executors, also
Attachment Notices, two dollars, in
advance.

Professional Cards.
H. W. BAKER, D.D.S., T. O. CASTLE,
D.D.S.,
Baker & Castle,
DENTISTS,
Offices, Main Street, above Postoffice.

ALL work done on short notice, at reason-
able rates, in the best of style, and war-
ranted to give satisfaction. Call and try our
tooth powder, for cleansing and preserving the
teeth. Teeth Extracted Without Pain.
Woodsfield, Ohio, May 25-1866.

GITHENS & FERGUSON
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Drugs, Paints, Varnishes,
Oils, Dyestuffs,
PATENT MEDICINES,
BARNESVILLE, OHIO.
Sole agents for the unrivalled "Worm Leads"
"Rhin," "St. Nicholas" and "Winnor."
nov23ly.

Dr. W. T. SINCLAIR,
Having resumed the practice of
medicine, tenders his profes-
sional services to the citizens of
Woodsfield and vicinity.
Residence one door North of Dilger
Street.

**W. D. KING, D.D.S., N. J. MARSH,
D.D.S.,
KING & MANNING,
Attorneys at Law,
BARNESVILLE, OHIO.
Special attention paid to collections. -Am
July 10, 1866.**

J. W. SHANNON,
Attorney at Law,
BELLAIR, BELMONT CO., OHIO.
Feb. 14.

EDWARD ARCHBOLD,
Attorney at Law, Notary Public
Military Claim Agent
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
July 5, 1866.

**JAMES R. MORRIS, JOHN S. WAY,
MORRIS & WAY,
Attorneys & Counsellors
at Law,
Woodsfield, Monroe County, Ohio.
Office, over Walton's New Store.
April 20, 1864.**

**J. A. AMOS, P. SPRIGGS,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Office--Up stairs in the old Bloomer
House.
April 26, 1865.**

JACOB T. MORRILL,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Clarington, Monroe County O.
Will promptly and faithfully attend to
business entrusted to him, care, com-
petence, and reasonable adjustment always first
sought, and litigation used only as the last
resource. Office at dilger's, Oct. 31, '60.

WOODSFIELD MARBLE WORKS.
NICKOLAUS WAGENHEIM,
(Successor to Dr. Neuhart & Co.)
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Prepared to furnish
TOMB STONES,
TABLE TOPS,
MANTLES,
and every thing else in the marble line. Shop
two doors south of the post office.
Feb. 14, '66. NICKOLAUS WAGENHEIM.

THE EAGLE HOUSE.
J. G. SCHAU, Proprietor.
SARDIS, OHIO.
The proprietor gives notice to his old
friends, and the public in general, that
he has enlarged and refurnished his house,
and is now prepared to accommodate all who
will give him a call.
June 15m2.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.
The Best of the Monthlies--devoted to
Fashion and Pure Literature. \$2 50 a year;
two copies 50c. Right (and one gratis) 25c.
WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES
given as Premiums. Send 15 cents for a
sample copy to DRACON & PETERSON, 213
Walnut St., Philadelphia.

Single numbers for sale by News Dealers.

Poetry.

THE DOUBLE HARVEST.

A dying girl, in Autumn time,
Lay fading at the close of day--
Stole o'er the fields the reapers' chime,
While fast around the brown ranks lay.
"Open the casemate wide," she said,
And raise me up that I may look,
Ere yet my heart and eyes are dead,
Once more upon the field and brook.
"The harvest is the Lord's," loud sang
The reapers in the distant field;
With piled-up sheaves, with sickles' clang,
To him they all the glory yield.
Abroad the dying maiden gazed,
Then all around grew sudden black;
The sun in setting dimly blazed,
Her head upon the couch fell back.
"Farewell," she sighed, "ye scenes so dear."
"The harvest is the Lord's," replied,
Unconsciously, the reapers clear;
And ere the distant echo died,
An angel-reaper darted there,
Too swift for mortal sight to spy,
And bore the flower that drooped so fair
To God's great garner in the sky.
[Alger's Oriental Poetry.]

A Remarkable Story.

The last California mail brings particu-
lars of the following remarkable story:
A stage coach was overhauled by high-
waymen, on a lonely road in Nevada Coun-
ty, between Marysville and Downsville,
at 4 o'clock on the morning of May 1,
and robbed of \$8,000 belonging to Wells,
Fargo & Co. Within a few hours there-
after the Sheriff's posse was started out
in different directions, and Steve Venard
struck what proved to be the right trail
up Yuba River. He followed his lonely
and difficult road alone, into a rocky ra-
vine three miles from human habitation,
and saw at some distance above him, par-
tially concealed by rocks, a man counting
over money. The man saw him, and
Steve thought the time of one of them
had come, for the robber was already tak-
ing aim when Venard fired. Instantly
another robber appeared, but took shelter
to fire; and when Steve saw the roof of
the man's head he sent him the contents
of his second barrel, and, having loaded
anew, ran forward to secure the booty be-
fore others of the robber band should ap-
pear. Confident that two of them were
done for, he had already got the money
bags when a third robber showed himself,
still higher up in the ravine, and Steve
now fired his third shot, which, not tak-
ing fatal effect, a fourth was fired, and a
dead man's body rolled down among the
rocks. Steve Venard brought the news
of his adventure, and the \$8,000, into
Nevada City at 2 o'clock, the same after-
noon of the robbery, and soon after the
three dead bodies were brought in--the
first shot through the heart; the second
through the right eye; the third through
the body and head; and the first and sec-
ond when found were clinching their
cocked pistols. Wells, Fargo & Co.
promptly awarded Steve \$3,000, and at
last accounts Steve and his rifle were li-
censing in Central California.

THE PRESENT--Some people are al-
ways wishing themselves somewhere, but
where they are, or thinking of something
else than what they are speaking. This
is the way to enjoy nothing well, and to
please nobody. It is better to be inter-
ested with the best. A principal cause
of other people's tastes to the cultivation
of our own, the pursuit after that for
which we are not fitted, and to which,
consequently, we are not in reality inclin-
ed. This folly pervades more or less all
classes, and arises from the error of build-
ing our enjoyment on the world's opinion,
instead of being, with due regard to oth-
ers, each our own world.

MANAGEMENT OF YOUNG CHICKENS.--
A writer in the New York Times says:
When the chickens are hatched, if before
taking them from the nest you would oil
the top of the heads of the little chicks,
you will destroy all the lice there are in
the brood; for as soon as two or three are
hatched, all the lice upon the hen leave
her, and quarter themselves upon the
heads of the chicks, and the oil will kill
them; and then with clean quarters for
the chicks on a start, and a thorough
cleansing of the coop each week, you will
not fail to raise your brood.

SELF RELIANCE.--"I have great confi-
dence," says a writer, "in young men who
believe in themselves, and are accustomed
to rely on their own resources from an
early period. When a resolute young fel-
low steps up to the great bully of the world,
and takes him by the beard, he is often
surprised to find it come off in his hand,
and that it was only tied on to scare away
timid adventurers."

The best defense for lying that we
ever read, is the remark of Charles Lamb,
related by Leigh Hunt, that "truth was
precious and not to be wasted on every-
body."

The reason why people know not
their duty on great occasions, is that they
will not take the trouble of doing their
duty on little occasions.

Scarcely anything in life is so sweet
as the repose of Sunday--the soothing
suggestion of its devotional offices, its si-
lence, its calm, its immunities.

Make no enemies; he is insignificant
indeed who can do no harm.

THE WIDOWED BRIDE.

BY HELEN FOREST GLAVIS.

Scarcely a child, yet scarcely a woman,
Mary Kendale stood there in her white
silk and orange blossoms, with the sun-
light of the old church window falling
upon her as if she had been some sweet
medieval saint. And Col. Medham, as he
held her hand in his, and listened to the
solemn words that joined them together,
now and forevermore, felt that his cup
of happiness was full to the very brim.
"My wife, my dear little child wife,"
he said tenderly, when they led her away
to remove the white veil and fragrant
waxen blossoms, in order that she might
don her quieter traveling dress. And
Mary's blue eyes, clear and liquid as the
June firmament mirrored in a clear wood-
land spring, answered him without need
of words.

Yes, she was very lovely, but sixteen
years old bride. Her hair was of a warm
gold color, rippled in little shining wave-
lets, and you might trace every blue vein
on the transparent snow of her temples,
while the rosy bud of a month, breaking
into smiles at every happy thought, was
perfect in its outline.

Was it strange that Col. Medham scarce-
ly believed it possible that he, the bronzed,
middle-aged man, with grave eyes and se-
rious aspect, would have won the exquisite
human blossom to gladden his heart and
home? Was it strange that he looked on
his happiness as a dream, from which he
might at a moment awaken?

"Of course it is merely a money match.
Any one with half an eye can see through
that."
Col. Medham started as the words fell
upon his ears, but the unconscious speak-
er, standing just within a doorway of an
adjoining room, went on:

"She don't care a pin for him person-
ally--she merely wants his money, but he
is too blind--" and the voice died away
in the buzzing of many other voices.

One instant Col. Medham stood there,
pale and motionless, like a person stricken
with the hand of death. And in an in-
stant his resolve was taken.

"Where is my husband?"
The very blood mounted to Mary Med-
ham's cheeks, as she--the wife of a sin-
gle, sunny hour--spoke these ques-
tioning words.

"Call Algernon, mama--tell him I am
quite ready."

She looked sweeter in her traveling
dress than she looked in all the gleams of
pearls and snow-white silk--the fair little
creature.

"If you please, ma'am," said a rough
looking man, carelessly elbowing his way
through the crowd, "here's a note for Mrs.
Medham."

Mary broke the seal with a transient
thrill of curiosity.

"I may as well read it while I wait for
Algernon," she thought. "How strange!
This is Algernon's own writing."

"MAY--I heard your Uncle Searles' words
just now--that you cared not for me,
but for my money solely. It is yours,
unfettered by me. Good-bye, forever."
A.M.

Mary uttered a low cry, as she clung
to her mother's arm.

"Mama, I am not dreaming, am I? Am
I wife and widow in a single hour?"

And she fell down like one dead at Mrs.
Kendale's feet.

"There is some strange misunderstanding,"
said Mrs. Kendale, who had grown pale as
pale as a ghost. "Col. Medham will be
back in a few hours."

But the hours went by--and the days--
and the weeks--and even the years--
and Algernon Medham never came back
to the beautiful young wife whose bridal
day had been so strangely clouded.

"Only four miles farther to Winley
village, sir. Keep up a good heart, and
I'll have you there in no time at all."

The kind-hearted stage driver pulled
the warm buffalo robes closely around the
wasted figure he mounted to his seat,
muttering to himself:

"He isn't fit to travel, now. I don't
see what his folks has been thinkin' of, to
let him go away from him. Ever, I
s'pose. Well, there's no accountin' for
some folks' freaks."

While Algernon Medham--so weak
and faint that the stars above seemed
lights against the blue black concave--
lay back and indulged in melancholy
thought.

"Homeward bound at last! And can it
be possible that I am coming home only
to die? Well, Winley church-yard is a
sweet and peaceful spot--perhaps it is as
well. I would rather be buried where the
fragrance of the violets that purple Med-
ham park shall be wafted over my lonely
grave by the earliest spring winds. I
may as well die in the little village inn--
I would not darken Mary's bright life
with the shadow of death; perhaps she's
married a happier man--if so, I will per-
ish as I have lived, and make no sign."

Yet I would like once more to see her,
the sweet mistress of Medham Park.

He roused from his gloomy, half-delir-
ious reverie, at what seemed the echo of
his own words, from two young men who
were chatting carelessly on the opposite
seat.

"Medham Park! It is the finest place
in the country, and a very pretty romance
hangs over its pretty lady."

"How do you mean?"

"Did you never hear? Mrs. Medham
was deserted by her husband--"

"No--never deserted!"

The words broke almost involuntarily
from the sick man's lips, in a husky whis-
per, that was quite inaudible to the
speakers.

"--within an hour of their marriage, in
consequence of a strange misunderstand-

ing. It seems that a relative of hers was
speaking of a money match, that had re-
cently transpired, within the bridegroom's
hearing, and he rashly concluded the terms
applied to him. From that moment to
this he has never heard of."

"A romance indeed. And the bride?"
"Remains a bride. In truth and indeed,
to this very hour, she lives alone at Med-
ham Park, devoted entirely to his memo-
ry. If all we hear is true, she must have
loved him with a depth of affection that
is rare as it is admirable."

And from that their conversation strayed
off to other topics, and neither noticed
the strange expression on the invalid's
pale face.

"Here we are, at Winley, sir. At which
hotel shall I leave you?"

"Neither. Let me be driven up to the
Park."

"The Park, sir?"

"Yes, the Park."

How strangely his footfalls sound upon
the velvet carpets of the stately vestibule--
the doors were opened as he came for-
ward, leaning on a servant's arm.

Ah! six years have altered her but lit-
tle, and, watchful as ever, she sat by the
ruddy glitter of the fire, her golden curls
falling in a shower of brightness on her
deep mourning dress and on the flushed
cheek resting on her hand. While on
her lap, open, lay--his own picture. The
picture he had given her in the sweet
courtship days.

"Mary!"
She looked up vaguely--this was prob-
ably but one of the fevered fancies that
had so often led into agonizing disappoint-
ment.

"Mary--my wife!"

Now, indeed, she knew that it was her
husband's self. And springing to her
feet she burst into hysterical tears and
laughter on his breast. The years of pa-
tient waiting--the long ordeal of sweet
submission were rewarded at last.

And when the violets of spring time
purpled the sunny slopes of Medham
Park, the sweet odors floated across no
nameless grave, but fanned the forehead
of a happy husband, whose fair wife gar-
nered the violets as she walked by his side,
with eyes that were full of unspoken
bliss.

Artemus Ward on Napoleon's Life of Caesar.

I set up a spell by the kitchen fire
readin' Napoleon's Life of Caesar. What
a reckless old cuss he was! Caesar made
it lively for the boys in Gaul, didn't he?
He slewed one million of Christians, male
and female--Gauls and Gauls--and then
he sold another million of 'em into
slavery. He continued this style of
things for sum time, when he was assassi-
nated in Rome by sun high toned Roman
gentlemen, led on by Mr. Brutus. When
old Bruy inserted his knife into him,
Caesar admitted that he was gone up. His
funeral was a grand success, the house be-
lieved to its utmost capacity. Ten
minutes after the door was opened the
ushers had to put up cards on which was
printed, "Standin' Room Only." I went
to bed at last. "And so," I said, "thou
hast no ear for sweet melody?" A silvery
snore was my only answer. Betsy
slept.

An Honest Confession.

In the debate in the Senate on the
Tariff Bill, a Republican United States
Senator from Michigan said:

"Mr. Chandler said that the free-list
was made up so as to favor New England.
Fertilizers were exempt from the tax;
they were not used in the Northwest--
Thrashing-machines were taxed; they
were not used in New England."

"Mr. Fessenden said that was a great
mistake."

"Mr. Chandler said that he had trav-
eled all over New England, and had never
seen a thrashing-machine there. They
used the old-fashioned flail altogether."

If it suits New England to have an
article on the free-list, it is put there; and
if it is more for her interest to have an-
other article heavily taxed, it is also done.
The whole policy of the Government is
now for her benefit.

THE CONSTITUTIONALITY OF THE IN- COME TAX TO BE TESTED.

A citizen of Springfield, Illinois, who reports under
protest an income of \$52,000, will, it is
said, refuse to pay his income tax. When
the usual compulsory action of the Re-
venue officer is invoked, he will apply to
Judge Davis for an injunction to restrain
the Government official from collecting.
He takes this course to test the constitu-
tionality of the income law.

The following from the Circleville
(Ohio) Democrat is not bad:

Parson Brownlow says he would not
start for Heaven with the Democrat par-
ty. Very true. The old whelp is too
far on the road to hell--in fact, he is so
near there, that the little devils have
stopped sifting brimstone to look out of
the window as they see him coming down
on the home stretch--neck and neck with
Ben. Butler and Thad. Stevens.

The destruction of sheep by the
storm in Northern Ohio, on the 17th inst.,
is even greater than was anticipated. In
Lake County hardly a flock escaped, many
growers losing from 50 to 100 sheep.
In Trumbull County the estimated loss
is 1,900 head; Summit County, several
thousand; Tuscarawas County, 500, and
Carroll County, 600 to 800. The Michi-
gan papers think 100,000 perished in that
State.

Thad. Stevens, when asked "what
ailed him," said "about seventy years, he
believed."

FROM THE ALBANY ARGUS.

STRIKE OUT THE WHITE.

[TO BE SUNG IN REPUBLICAN CARICATURES, ACCOMPANIED WITH A BANJO.]

TUNE--"The Campbells are Coming."

We'll strike out the "white," constitution and
laws
Shall know no such word in a line nor a
clause!

Our brother no longer shall "color'd" be call'd,
But known as a Saxon or Teutonic cur'd!

Our lexicon, too, we will also amend;
No longer shall Negro its pages offend;
No longer shall Africa stamp upon man
The odious name of the children of Ham!

We'll teach the vile world that Republican
reign
Can wipe from the Ethiop every stain!

And do what has never been done since the
flood!

We'll make all the nations to be of one
blood!

Yes, strike out the white! and have none of
our laws
Contain the vile word in a line or a clause!

We'll have but one ballot! one hand and one
head!

All love shall be free! with one heart and one
bed!

We'll strike out the white, and pay dalliance
to nix!

Join Sambo and Colt in political jig!

We'll strike out the white and have jubilee
come,

And Celtic and Saxon and Afric be one!

Oh strike out the white! and thus hasten the
hour

When all shall thus bask in Elysian bower:
Yea! strike out the white! and on Canaan's
shore

An Eden untamed will bless us once more!

All wise above wisdom--we'll strike out the
white!

Embrace as our equal the race Troglodyte!

The Esquimaux, too, as a brother we'll hug,
And know no distinction 'twixt Christian and
Thug!

To be of one blood we'll have every race--
Tho' ring-struck and speckled will be every
face--

For this is the way that all equal are made;
By nature--as was by our fathers once said!

Come, Cuffee--come Bushman! Hottentot,
come!

With Saxon, with Celtic, and Caucasian be
one!

And come, Patagonian! Feejeean, too!
With hearts full of love--we are waiting for
you!

We'll strike out the white! and dame nature
will teach

No longer 'twixt races to keep up a breach!
As brothers and sisters we'll have all to be,
And riot on free love 'neath liberty's tree!

Oh happy the day when we came into power!
To banish all hate! have a common love
bower!

To strike out the white! to bleach the black
down!

And dye all as equals in beautiful brown.

The nations may ask why would we thus do
Have all our posterity of a deep shady hue!

'Tis easy to answer in hell we would reign,
Ere serving in Heaven, if power we can gain!

A Smart Station Agent.

FROM NEW YORK.

The Cholera Corpses--How and by Whom They are Buried--Scenes on Board the Dead Ship.

The persons who convey the cholera
dead from the Falcon to the graveyard at
Staten Island are continually dying of the
disease themselves. Last Friday another
was taken off, making six in all. A de-
scription of the way in which the con-
tagion is acquired by them may be had
when the public are informed of how the
bodies are treated and buried, of which
a correct idea can be secured from an un-
exaggerated description of

A TRIP OF THE DEAD SHIP.

At nine o'clock every morning the sloop
bearing the cholera corpses departs from
the Falcon ten miles southwestward, to the
Quarantine burying ground on Staten Is-
land. The long black outline of the Fal-
con, which without her masts, and freed
from cargo, rises abruptly forty feet high
out of the depths, presents a strong con-
trast to the meager-sized, bowl shaped,
sluggishly moved dead ship that hugs the
water and drinks the waves as if to seek
obscurely and purification for her loath-
some load. They are well mated--the
gigantic Falcon is the huge monster that
daily belches out the victims whom the
disease it nurses is constantly killing,
while the small repulsive sloop plays lack-
ey and tender, carrying off the nauseating
remains of those that its bigger brother
refuses longer to hold.

The two men who now manage the
sloop, and convey as well as inter the
bodies, are stalwart Russians, of unusual
strength. But recently serfs from their
country, they understand but enough En-
glish, and possess but sufficient person-
ality, literally to obey their sad orders and
stolidly to perform their disgusting, though
necessary work. What nature gave them
in muscle she has withheld in sensibility.
The corpses, say six, are laid in parallel
lengths on the deck, partially covered with
sail cloth. The unused anchor weighs
down one end of the only shroud which
the poor dead but temporarily possess.

To keep the other end from flapping an
unappreciated requiem, Joseph runs be-
low, leaving Nicholas whistling at the
wheel, and brings up the bread-box to
place upon the cloth, and hinder its wind
made motion. But that is not sufficient,
though no other means are resorted to, to
screen the discolored corpses. The breeze
is inquisitive, and lifts the side of the
covering to show the sun on whom he is
shining. A man of middle age, a woman
in her fourth decade, between them an
infant whose prattling on earth is hushed
forever, beyond these a young wife, near
her a gray haired man, and at a distance
a youth, the vigor of early life visible
even in death--lie side by side, while
distorted features, the last stamp which
agonies impressed, and a fetid, indescrib-
able odor that offends the air, and sickens
the senses, tell the dreadful story and
show the more horrid effects of the terri-
ble pestilence. Flaxen hair, rounded fea-
tures, compact frame, the now pallid blue
of the staring eyes that will not shut, sug-
gest their German birth. Indeed, the fa-
tality is almost universally among this
class. Hundreds have left the grandeur
and the gaiety of the Rhine, only to
breathe their death-gurgle at the mouth
of the Hudson, on the portals of the land
whither freedom, safety and abundant op-
portunity wooed them.

The sloop forces a languid passage
through the waves, that dash with a mo-
notonous thud, thud, against her sides,
while the stillness of the air and the si-
lence of the dead are rudely marked by
the indifferent jokes of the crew, than
which the occasional creaking of the rest-
less mainsail is not less grating to the
senses.

THE BURIAL GROUND.

The ground reached, an open grave
gapes ready for the dead yet dead breath-
ing bodies. More than five feet deep and
two and a half feet wide it seems spacious,
but when it is remembered that six dis-
torted shapes that once were human be-
ings are to be jammed in that hole, dis-
gust is felt at its shameful shallowness--
it was dug the night before, by men who
never attend the burial, but their part of
preparation done, averse or fearful of sur-
rounding the conclusion of the hor-
rid work. The corpses are carried hur-
riedly graveward, and thrown in in their
order of size, which brings the young
wife next the top, and the infant upon her
breast. Neither coffin, shroud, nor even
a box is there. Strong hands shovel in
the waiting earth on the almost bare bod-
ies. Six or nearly fill up the cavity that
but few spadeful of earth suffices, and
those descend not with the ringing sound
that salutes the coffin dead, but with
the dull, heavy, echoless sound of dirt
against flesh. Perhaps nine final inches
of clay cover the upmost corpse, perhaps
less. No prayer, no mourners, no priest,
no shroud, no coffin, no friends, with one
sixth of one grave, and a meagre morsel
of earth for their cover, the daily aug-
mented cholera dead sleep on by the side
of the ocean, and at the door of a land in